(Copyrighted S. S. McClure Co.) CHAPTER XXXI.

THE QUEEN'S ANTECHAMBER Out of the darkness Rollo and the int stepped quickly into the room. ereupon small wonder that the lady uld scream and fall back into her chair, siting maid drop upon the floor as If she had been struck by a Carlist bullet, or the gentleman with the long and glossy suspend his caresses and gaze upon the pair with dropped jaw and open

At his entrance Rollo had taken off his hat with a low bow. The sergeant saluted stood at attention. There was a mot's silence in the room, but before Rolle time to speak the Queen Regent recovered her self-possession. The daughter of the Bourbons stood erect. Her long hair streamed in dark glossy waves over her shoulders. Her bosom heaved visibly un-der the thin pink wrapper. Anger struggled with fear in her eyes. Verily Maria Cristina of Naples had plenty of courage. "Who are you," she cried, "that dares

thus to break in upon the privacy of the nt Queen of Spain?" she cried. call the guard."

But her husband only shrugged his ers and continued to gaze upon the pair of intruders with a calm exterior.

"Your Majesty," said Rollo, courteously naturally resuming leadership when an thing requiring contact with gentlefolk in the way, "I am here to inform you that you are in great danger—greater than I can for the moment make clear to you. The palace is, as I understand, absolutely out defence the town is in the same position. It is within our knowledge that a band of two hundred gypsies are on the march to attack you this night in order to plunder the chateau and put to death ever oul within its walls. We have come therefore, with our companions outside to offer you our best services in your Majesty's

But," cried the Queen Regent, 'all thi may very well be, but you have not yet told me who you are and what you are doing

"For myself," answered Rollo, "I am Scottish gentleman, trained from my youth to the profession of arms. Those who wait without are for the present my comrades and companions, whom, with your Majesty's permission, I shall bid to enter. For, to be plain, every moment is of the utmost importance, that we may lose no time in putting the chateau into such a state of ice as is possible, for the attack of the Rollo stepped to the window to summon his company, but found them already

assembled on the balcony. It was no time for formal introductions, yet as each entered, Rollo, like a true herald. ivered himself of a brief statement of the position of the individual in the company. But when La Giralda entered, the

stout waiting maid rose with a shrick from

the floor where she had been sitting. "O, my lady," she cried, "do not trus these wicked people. They have come to murder us all. That woman is the very old goatherdess with whom the Princess I knew some evil would come of such on

"When you are asked for any information, be ready to give it. then hold your peace.

Then she turned haughtily back again to the strangers without vouchsafing a glance at her husband or the trembling

present temporary difficulty, and for that if I find you of approved fidelity, you shall not fall to be rewarded. Meantime, I accept

ommand of the Duke of Rianzares!"
She turned to the tall exquisite who still continued to comb his whiskers by the chimneypiece. Up till now he had

Rollo scarcely knew what to reply to this, and as for the Bergeant he had the hardest work to keep from bursting into a loud

laugh.

But they were presently delivered from their difficulty by the newly nominated commander-in-chief himself.

"This scene is painful to me," said Señor Munoz, placidly, "it irritates my nerves. I have a headache. I think I shall retire and leave there gentlemen to make such arrangements as may be necessary till the return of our guards, which will doubtless take place within an hour or so. If you need me, you can call for me!"

Having made this general declaration he turned to Rollo and addressed himself particularly to him.

Having made this general declaration he turned to Rollo and addressed himself particularly to him.

"My rooms I would have you know, are in the north wing," he continued. "I beg that there shall be no firing or other brutal noise on that side. Anything of the kind would be most annoying. So pray see to it."

Then he advanced to where his wife stood, her eyes full of anger at his desertion. "My angel," he said, calmiy, "I advise you sincerely to do the same. Retire to your chamber. Take a little tisane for the cooling of the blood, and leave all other matters to these new friends of ours. I am

the cooling of the blood, and leave all other matters to these new friends of ours. I am sure they appear very honest gentlemen. But as you have many little valuables lying about, do not forget to lock your door as I shall do mine. Adieu, my angel?

And so from an inconceivable height of dandyism His Excellency the Duke of Rianzares would have stooped to bestow a good-night salutation on his wife had not that lady, swiftly recovering from her stupor, suddenly awarded him a re-

her stupor, suddenly awarded him a re-sounding box on the ear, which so far dis-composed the caim of his demeanor that he took from his pocket a handkerchief edged with lace, unfolded it, and with the most ineffable gesture in the world wiped the place the lady's hand had touched. Then with the same abiding calm he re-stored the cambric to his pocket, bowed low to the Queen, and lounged majestically

Maria Cristina watened him at hist with a haughty and unmoved countenance. Her hands elenched themselves close to her side, as if she wished the blow had been bestowed with the shut rather than with

bestowed with the shut rather than with the open digits.
But as her husband (for so he really was, though the relationship was not acknowledged till many years after and at the feet of the Holy Father himself in the Vaticani approached the door, opened it, and was on the point of departing without once turning round, Cristina suddenly broke into a hysterical cry, ran after him, threw her arms tenderly about his neck, and burst out weeping on his broad bosom.

The gentleman without betraying the least emotion, patted her tolerantly on the shoulder and murmured some words in her ear, at the same time looking over

the shoulder and murmured some words in her ear, at the same time looking over her head at the men of the company with a sort of half-comic apology.

"O Fernando! Forgive me!" she cried.

"life of my life—the devil must have possessed me I will cut off the wicked hand that did the deed. Give me a knife, good people—to strike the best and handsomest—O, it was wicked—cruel, diabolical!"

Whatever may have been the moral qualities of the royal blow, Rolio felt that in their present circumstances time enough had been given to its consideration so he interposed.

"Your Majesty, the gypstes may be upon

couple of lads in the whole palace since the departure of the guards!"

Never mind, said Rollo. "Let us make the best of the matter; we will muster them. Perhaps they will be able to load and fire a musket! If I mistake not, the fighting will be at very short range!"

It was upon this occasion that Sefior Fernando Munoz showed his first spark

nterest.
I will go and awake them," he said But on this occasion his fond wife would

But on this occasion his fond wife would not permit him to stir.

"The wicked murderers may have already penetrated to that part of the castle," ahe palpitated, her arms still about his neck, "and you must not risk your precious life. Let Susana go and fetch them. She is old, and has doubtless made her peace with religion."

"Nay, it is not fitting," objected Susana with spirit. "I am a woman, and not so old as my lady says. I cannot go gadding about into the chambers of all and sundry."

"Nay, then," cried Maria Cristina, "stay where you are. Susana. For me, I am none so nice. I will go myself! Do not follow me, Fernando!"

And with that she ran to the door and her feet were heard flitting up the stairway which led to the servants' wing of the palace. During the interval when the sergeant and El Sarria were looking to their stores and munitions. Rolio approached the waiting maid Susana and inquired of her the way to the armory, where he expected to find store of arms and powder.

"If this young maid will go also, I will conduct you thither, young man?" said Susana, primly.

And holding Concha firmly by the hand

Susana, primly.

And holding Concha firmly by the hand

And holding Conena firmly by the lattice she took up a candle and led the way.

But to Rollo's surprise they found the armory wholly sacked. All the valuable guns had been removed by the deserting guards. The gun racks were torn down. The floor of beaten earth was strewn with

guards. The gun racks were torn down. The floor of beaten earth was strewn with flints of ancient pieces of last century's manufacture. The barrels of bell-mouthed blunderbusses leaned against the wall, the stocks, knocked off in mere wantonness, were piled in corners; and in all the chests and wall presses there was not an ounce of powder to be found.

While Rollo was searching, Señor Munoz appeared at the door, languid and careless as ever. He watched the young Scot opening chests and rummaging in lockers for a while without speaking. Then he spoke slowly and deliberately.

"It strikes me that when I was an officer of the bodyguard, in the service of the late Fernando the Seventh, my right royal namesake, (and in some sort predecessor), there was another room used for the private stores and pieces of the officers. If I mistake not it was entered by that door to the right, but the key appears to be wanting!"

He added the last clause as he watched the frantic efforts of Rollo, who had immediately thrown himself upon the panels, while the Sefor was in the act of rolling out his long-drawn Castilian elegancies of utterance.

"Hither Cardono." cried Rollo. "Open

"Hither Cardono," cried Rollo. "Open

"Hither Cardono," cried Rollo. "Open me this door! Quick, sergeant!"
"Have a care," cried the Duke, "there is powder inside!"
But Rollo, now keen on the scent of weapons of defence, would not admit a moment's delay, and the sergeant, inserting his curiously crooked blade, opened that door as easily as he had done the French window.

Munoz stepped forward with some small

Munoz stepped forward with some small show of eagerness and glanced within.

"Yes," he said, "the officers' arms are there, and a liberal allowance of powder."

"They are mostly sporting rifles," said Rollo, looking them over, but there is certainly plenty of powder and ball.

"And what kills ibex and bouquetin on the Sierras," drawled Munoz, "will surely do as much for a mountain gypsy if, as you said just now, the range is likely to be a short one."

a short one."

Rollo began somewhat to change his opinion about the husband of the Queen. At first he had seemed both dandy and coward, a combination which Rollo held in the utmost contempt. But when Rollo had once seen him handle a gun he began to have more respect for the Duke of Rian-

zares.

"Can you tell us, from your military experience." Rollo asked, "which is the most easily vulnerable part of this palace?"

"It is easily vulnerable in every part." answered Munoz, carelessly snapping the lock of a rifle again and again.

"Nay, but be good enough to listen," cried Rollo, with some heat, "there are

the oaths of death and torture they have sworn—
"By whom are they led?" said Munoz, still playing carelessly with the rifle. "I thought such fellows were mere savages, and might be slaughtered like sheep."
"Perhaps—at any rate they are led by your own daughter!" said Rollo briefly, growing nettled at the parvenu grandee's seeming indifference.
"My daughter!" cried Munoz, losing in a moment his bright complexion and becoming of a slaty pallor. "My daughter, that mad imp of hell—who thrice has tried to assassinate me!"

And as he spoke he let the gun fall upon the floor at his feet. Then he rallied a little.

the floor at his feet. Then he rained a little.

"Who has told this lie?" he exclaimed with a kind of indignation.

"A man who does not make mistakes—or tell lies—Sergt Cardono!" said Rollo. "He has both seen and spoken to her! She has sworn to attack the palace to-night."

"Then I am as good as dead already. I must go directly to my wife!" answered Munoz.

Munoz.

But Rollo stepped before him.

"Not without carrying an armful of these to where they will be of use." he said, point-

"Not without carrying an armful of these to where they will be of use." he said, pointing to the guns.

They returned to the large lighted room, where he had left Mortimer Etienne and El Sarria on guard. Concha and the walting maid seconded their efforts by bringing store of pistols and ammunition.

On their way they passed through a hall which by day seemed to be lighted only from the roof. Rollo bade them deposit the arms there and bring the other candles and lamps to that place.

"Every moment that light is to be seen at an outsific window adds to our danger." he said, and Concha ran at his bidding.

Before she had time to return, however, the Queen Regent came in with her usual dignity, the three serving men following her.

With characteristic swiftness of decision Rollo made up his mind that the best plan for the defence of the palace would be to place his scanty forces along the various jutting balconies of the second floor, carefully darkening all the rooms in their rear so that till the moment of the strack itself the assailants would have no

floor, carefully darkening all the rooms in their rear so that till the moment of the attack itself the assailants would have no idea that they were expected.

While Rollo was thus cogitating Conchacame softly to his side, appearing out of the gloom with a sudde as that startled the young man.

"I have pulled up the ladder by which we ascended and laid it across the balcony," she said; "was that right?"

"You alone?" cried Rollo, in astonishment. She nodded brightly.

She nodded brightly.
"Certainly," she answered: "women are not all so great weaklings as you think them -nor yet such fools!"
"Indeed, you have more sense than I,"
Rollo responded, gloomily, "I ought to
have remembered that before. But, as

you know. I have had many things to think

of "I am glad," she said more quietly and submissively than ever in her life, "that even in so small a matter I am permitted to think a little for you."

There was no one in the alcove where Concha found him. The Queen Regent had disappeared to her suite of rooms, and thither, after a time, Senor Munoz had followed her. The rest were at that moment being placed in their various posts by the sergeant according to Rollo's directions. So he stooped quickly and kissed Concha upon the mouth. She uttered a little cry and stepped back indignantly into the lighted room where spare muskets were piled.

But again Rollo was before her. If he had attempted to make love she would have

attempted to make love she would have scathed him with the soundest indignation based on considerations of time, place and

had been given to its consideration so he interposed.

"Your Majesty, the gypsies may be upon us at any moment. It would be as well if superior officer.

Take your piece," he said, with an air

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIKE A PALLING STAR. Rollo judged aright. It was, indeed, no time for lovemaking, and to do the young man justice he did not connect any idea so concrete with the kies he had given to

o concrete with the kiss he had given to Concha.

She it was who had saved his life at Sarria.

Concha.

She it was who had saved his life at Sarria. She was perilling her own in order to accompany and assist his expedition. She had drawn up the ladder he had foolishly forgotten. Yet in spite of the fact that he was a young man, and by no means adverse to love. Rollo was so clean-minded and so little given to think himself desirable in the eyes of women that it never struck him that the presence of La Giralda and Conchamight be interpreted upon other and more personal principles than he had modestly represented to himself.

Thus it happened that, though Concha had received no honester or better intentioned kiss in her life, the giver of it went about his military duties with a sense of having said his prayers, or having performed some action raising himself in his own estimation.

"God bless her," he said to himself. "I will be a better man for her sweet sake. And by heavens, if I had had such a sister, I might have been a better fellow long ere this! God bless her, I say!

But what wonder is it that little Conchant her passionate Spanish fashion understanding but one way of love, and being little interested in sisters, felt the tears come to her eyes as his step waxed fainter in the distance, and said over and over to herself with smilling pleasure. "He loves me: he loves me! O, if only my mother had lived I might have been worthier of him. Then I would not have played with men's hearts for amusement to myself, as, alas, I have too often done. God forgive me, there was no harm, indeed. But—but—I am not worthy of him—I know I am not!" So Rollo's hasty kiss on the dark balcony was provocative of a healthy self-reproach on both sides, which, at least, was so much

to the good.
Concha peered out into the darkness ward the south, where a few stars were blinking sleepily through the ground mist blinking sleepily through the ground mist. She could dimly discern the outline of the town lying piled beneath her, without a light, without a sound, without a sign of life. From beyond the hills came a weird booming as of a distant cannonade. But Conchathe careless maiden who had grown into a woman in an hour, did not think of these things. For to the Spanish girl whose heart is touched to the core there is but one subject worthy of thought. Wars, battles, sieges, the distress of queens, the danger of royal princesses—all are nothing, because her lips have been kissed.

"All the same," she muttered to herself, "he ought not to have done it—and when I have a little recovered I will tell him so." But at that moment, poised upon the top-

have a little recovered I will tell him so.

But at that moment, poised upon the topmost spike of the great gate in front of her,
she saw the silhouette of a man. He was
climbing upward with his hand on the crossbar of the railing and cautiously insinuating
a leg over the barrier, feeling meanwhile
gingerly for a foothold on the palace side.

"He is come to do evil to—to Rollo!"
the said to bereiff with a slight hesitation "He is come to do evil to to Rollo!" she said to herself, with a slight hesitation even in thought when she came for the first time to the Christian name.

But there was no hesitation in the and practised eye glanced along the barrel.

She fired, and with a groan of pain the man fell back outside the enclosure.

man fell back outside the enclosure.

The sound of Concha's shot was the first tidings to the besieged that the gypsies had really arrived. Bollo, stealing lightfoot from post to post, pistol in hand, the sergeant erect behind the vine trellis on the balcony between the rearward doors, Etienne and John Mortimer a little farther along on the same side of the chateau, all redoubled their vigilance at the sound. But for the space of an hour or more nothing But for the space of an hour or more nothing farther was seen or heard, north, south east or west of the beleaguered palace of

pected no obstacles till the discharge of

Rollo hastened back to Concha and Inquired in a low voice what it was she had fired at. Whereupon she told him the story of the man climbing the railings and how she had stayed his course so suddenly. Rollo made no remark, save that she had done entirely right. Then he inquired if she had recharged her piece, and hearing that she wanted nothing and was ready for all emergencies, he departed upon his rounds without the least leave taking or approach at love making. In her heart Concha respected him for this, but at the same time she could not help feeling that a Spanlard would have been somewhat warmer in his acknowledgments. It was while he was passing from balcony to balcony on the second or defended story, that his quick ear caught the sound of a door opening and shutting on the floor beneath.

"Ah" thought Rollo to himself, sus-

meath.

"Ah." thought Rollo to himself, suspiciously, "the Queen and her people are safe in their chambers on this floor. No person connected with the defence ought to be down there. This is either some treachery or the enemy have gained admission by some secret passage.

mission by some secret passage.

With Rollo Blair to think was to act. So in another moment he had slipped off his shoes, and treading noiselessly on his stocking soles and with a naked sword in his hand he made his way swiftly and carefully down toward the place whence he had heard the noise.

Descending by the grand escalier, he found himself in one of the narrow corridors which communicated by private staircases with the left wing of the palace. Rollo stood still in the deepest shadow. He was sure that he could hear persons moving near him, and once he thought that he could distinguish the sound of a muttered word.

word.

The Egyptian darkness about him grew more and more instinct with noises. There was a scuffling rustic as of birds in a chimney all over the basement of the house. A door creaked as if a slight wind had blown it. Then a latch clicked, and the wind, unaided, does not click latches. Rollo withdrew himself deeper into a niche at the foot of the narrow winding stair which girdled a tower in the thickness of the wall.

The young man had almost resolved to to summon his whole force from above, so convinced was he that the enemy had gained a footing within the tower, and were creeping up to take them in the rear, when a sound altered his intention. There is nothing more unmistakable to the ear than the rebellious whimper of an angry child compelled to do something against its will.

Rollo instantly comprehended the whole hade of circumstants.

than the rebellious whimper of an angry child compelled to do something against its will.

Rollo instantly comprehended the whole chain of circumstances. The treachery touched him more nearly than he had imagined. Those for whom he and his party were imperiling their lives were in the act to leave them to perish as best they might in the empty shell of the palace. The royal birds were on the point of flying.

A door opened, and through it (though dimly) Rollo could see the great waterfall glimmering and the stars above, chill over the snowy shoulder of Penalara. He could not make out who had opened the door, but there was enough light to discern that a lady wrapped in a mantilla went out first. Then followed another, stouter and of shorter stature, apparently carrying a burden. Then the whole doorway was obscured by the tail figure of a man.

"Munoz himself, by heaven!" thought Rollo.

And with a leap he was after him, in his headlong course dashing to the groundsome other unseen person who confronted

him in the hall. In a moment more he had caught the tail man by the collar and swung him im-petuously round back within the doorway.

"They have killed the range one hath slain my darling!"
At the word Rollo abandoned the man at the word Rollo abandoned the man whom he was holding down, and with a shout of "Cardono!" "El Sarria!" "To me!" "They are upon us!" he flung himself me!" "They are upon us!" he flung himself There was little to be discerned ch

There was little to be discerned clearly when he emerged into the cool damp darkness, only a dim heap of writhing bodies as in some combat of hounds or of the denizens of the midnight forest. But Rollo once and again saw a flash of steel and a hand uplifted to strike. Without waiting to think he gripped that which was topmost and therefore nearest to him, and finding it unexpectedly light, he swung the thing clear by the garment he had clutched. He felt a pain in his right shoulder, which at the time appeared no more than the bite of a squirrel or the sting of a bee. With one heave he threw the object, human or not, he could not for the moment determine, behind him into the biackness of the hall.

"Take hold there, somebody," he cried, for by this time he could hear the clattering of the feet of his followers on the stairs and flagged passages.

Outside under the stare something or some one larger and heavier lay on the ground and moaned. As Rollo bent over it there came a rush of men from all sides and the young man had scarcely time to straighten himself up and draw his pistol before he found himself attacked by half a dozen men.

His pistol cracked and an accasilant

before he found himself attacked by half a dozen men.

His pistol cracked and an assailant tumbled on his face, while the flash in the pan revealed that he had already an ally. The sergeant was beside him, by what means did not then appear, for he had certainly not come through the door, and at this Rollo drew a long breath and applied himself to his sword play with renewed vigor. The assailants he soon found were mostly armed with long knives, which, however, had little chance against the long and expert blades of the sergeant and Rollo.

After proving on several occasions the deadly quality of these last, they broke and ran this way and that, while from the windows above, where the two royal servants were posted, with LaGiralda on guard between them, a scattering fire broke out

With great and grave tenderness Rollo and the sergeant carried that which lay on the grass within. In a moment more they had the door shut and bolted, when from the rear of the hall came the voice of

El Sarria.

"For God's sake." he cried. "bring a light, for I have that here which is in human form yet bites and scratches and how's like a wild beast. I cannot hold it long. It is nothing less than a devil incarnate.

mothing less than a devil incarnate.

Most strange and incomprehensible of all that light revealed was the appearance of the giant El Sarria, who, his hands and face bleeding with scratches, and seaton the final steps of the corkscrew staircase held in his arms, clear of the ground, the bent and contorted form of a young girl Presently, Cardono, desisted from his

bent and contorted form of a young girl.

Presently Cardono desisted from his examination of the body of the waiting woman. He shook his head, murmuring, "Dead! Dead! of a certainty stone dead!"

And the sergeant was a good judge of life and death. He had seen much of both.

Then he came over to where El Sarria was still struggling awkwardly with the wild and maniacal creature, as if he could wild and maniacal creature, as if he could not bring his great strength to bear upon a creature so lithe and quick. At the first glance he started back and turned his gaze

For that which he now saw, distorted with the impotence of passion and madness, was no other thanhe little girl whom he had met in the camp of the gypsies on the side of Guadarrama—the daughter of Munoz, the plan maker and head centre of the whole attack.

The sergeant stood a moment or two fingering his chin, as a man does who considers with himself whether it is worth while shaving. Then with his usual deliberation he undid a leathern strap from his waist and with great consideration but equal effectiveness he buckled the girl's hands firmly behind her back. Then with a neckerchief of silk he proceeded to do the like office with her feet.

Just as he was typing the final knots,

Just as he was trying the final knots, the girl made one final and supreme effort. She actually succeeded in twisting her body out of the arms of El Sarria, and flung herself headlong in the direction of Munoz and the Queen, spitting like a cat. But the sergeant's shackles did their work, and the poor tortured creature would have fallen on her face upon the cold flags of the stone floor but that El Sarria caught her in his arms, and, lifting her gently up, proceeded to convey her to another apartment where she might more safely be taken care of.

The Queen Regent was just able once more to stand upon her feet when El Sarria passed with his burden. The eyes of Munoz fell upon the girl's pale, distorted features. He started back, and almost dropped the Queen in his horror.

"Whence came this she devil?" he cried.

"What is she doing here? Let her be locked in a dungeon. Eugene will show you where.

"Whence came this she devil?" he cried.

"What is she doing here? Let her be locked in a dungeon. Eugene will show you where. She will cut all our throats else!"

"Has this child not the honor to be daughter to his excellency the Duke of Rianzares?" inquired the sergeant, grimly.

"She is a maniac, I tell you! I put her in a madhouse, and she has escaped! She hath sworn my death!" cried Munoz, his supercilious calm for once quite broken up.

And what is this that she hath done? he cried, holding up his hands as his eyes fell on the body of the nurse Susana. In another moment, however he had partially recovered himself.

"My beloved lady." he said, turning to his wife, "this is certainly no place for you Let me conduct you to your own chamber."

"Not without the added presence of one one of my people, sir," said Rollo, sternly: "this had not happened but for your intention of secretly deserting us, and leaving us to hold the eastle alone against the cruel enemy of whose approach we risked our lives to warn you!"

Meanwhile the Queen Regent had been casting her eves wildly and incomprehendingly around. Now she looked at the motionless form of the girl in the arms of El Sarria, now at the dead woman upon the floor, but all without the least token that she understood how the tragedy had come to pass.

But all suddenly she threw her arms

But all suddenly she threw her arms into the air and uttered a wild scream. "Where is my Isabel—where is my daugh-

"Where is my Isabel—where is my daughter? She was in the arms of her nurse Susana, who lies there before us. They have killed her also. This devil-born has killed her? Where shall I find her? My darling—the protected of the Virgin, the future Queen of all the Spains?"
But it was a question no one could answer. None had seen the little Isabella since the moment when she had passed forth through the portal of the palace into the night, clasped in the faithful arms of her nurse. She had not cried. She had not returned. Apparently not a soul had thought of her save only the woman whose life had been laid down for her sake, as a little common thing is set on a shelf and forgotten.

So, for this reason, the question of Maria Cristina remained unanswered. For, even as a star shoots athwart the midnight sky of winter, so the little Queen of Spain had passed and been lost in the darkness and terror without.

terror without

One Way of Owning a Diamond A young man who works in a Chestnut street store bought a diamond ring some time ago. He was to pay for it on the in-stallment plan, \$15 a month. He made the

stallment plan, \$15 a month. He made the first payment and the diamond was delivered to him. At the end of the first month the collector came around again. The young man was broke. Finally he went to a pawn-broker, borrowed \$15 on the ring and paid the collector. In three weeks he got the ring out by paying \$16.50. Then, in another week, the collector came around again. Once more the ring was pawned. Then it became a struggle for the young man to get the ring out in time to pawn it again, but he did. It has now been four months since the diamond was purchased. The young man is paying double interest and the pawnbroker is custodian of the ring.

your own head!" he muttered. And MAN WHO ONGE MADE DIAMONDS

CUTLIFFE HYNE.

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It is a remark past doubt that Conrad Macdonald was a most wonderful chemist.

Myself, I know this, and that's why I say it. His small knot of acquaintances are, with few exceptions, entirely ignorant on the subject. Even the Hatton garder people, who ought to know, have over-looked this talent in their awe at another of the man's peculiar attributes. Pedantically, Macdonald was a Ph. D. of Leipsic and a D. Sc. of London-which, of course, does not go for much-and he was

also a B. A. of Cambridge (first class Nat. Science Tripos, both parts), which naturally goes for nothing at all. Honors men are notorious fizzles in after life, and so none of these things in the least proves that was usefully and practically elever. Even the post at Burton-on-Trent, from which he derived a living during some sixteen preparatory years, was no criterio of his powers. He was merely analyst in a brewery. Officially, that may argue certain niceties of manipulation and an elementary knowledge of organic work, but no operations are required which are not exhaustively remarked upon in the textbooks. Original research is entirely foreign to that branch of The Trade.

For the style of work he drew good income-few journeyman analysts could boast a better-but the exoteric public failed to see how he spent it. He fared on Spanish claret, Camembert cheese, brown biscuit, and plug tobacco entirely; bought one inferior suit of black per annum, which became many hued with bleach and acid before the day of discarding, never nurchased letter press, amusement or new hats; and yet wore his money down to the breaking strain. The local bank manager while sending him uncivil letters about overdrawing his account, used to wonder whether Macdonald was supporting an invalid mother in luxury elsewhere.

Macdonald knew very few people side the brewery. Myself and one other man made up his list of callers. As the other man pinned himself to travel 18,000 miles per annum, mostly on foot or on horseback, he did not often turn up at Burtonon-Trent; and also because of wanderlust-my own visits rarely amounted to the biannual. Neither Macdonald's restdence nor his menage were attractive enough to draw more respectable visitors.

He inhabited then a large rectangular barn, standing by itself in a field. It had originally been a grain store, possessed no chimney, and had windows only in the roof. When necessary, Macdonald pro-cured heat by exalting a brick over two roaring Bunsen burners; light, by inducing the said Bunsens to cast forth yellow, smoky flames. A canvas hammock slung across one angle, and a blanket sleeping-sack, saved the formality of bed-making; th floor was a seat which never required dragging into position. These things, when reported in Burton-on-Trent, were looked upon as the adjuncts of a savage. Moreover, there was usually free chlorine in the air, which, with the other stinks of the

place, bit heavily into a stranger's lung. Consequently, Macdonald became a parish, and was left severely alone, which was what he wanted. He naturally earned the reputation of being mad, which he was not; and of being unclean, which was only true with modification. For instance, he had a tank in his barn, and dived there

The other attributes which I hinted at as being his was a business talent which en-abled him to bring off the biggest blackmailing coup of the century. So cunningly had he kept this up his sleeve that not even I and the other man knew anything about it. He had exhibited himself up till then in all matters commercial as the most unmethod-

the blackmailing scheme had been laid before the Diamond Ring, and they were beginning to show their distaste for its proposals in violent form.

and commented with point upon the un-wonted clearness of the atmosphere. He

what the deuce do you want a pistol for, anyway?" "I have one for myself, but I thought you might find it convenient to be armed

"But why? What bee have you got in your bonnet now? Why ever should you, of all people, take to manslaughter?" "Because my good Mcilinnie, as you remarked for yourself, the atmosphere of this place has changed. The day of evil smells is past, thank goodness! There's been no free chlorine on the roam round this barn for three mortal months. Here,

don't light your pipe at the Buneen; try a work on crystallograph; and twisted it up. I stared at him with a puckered head.

He flung the book with a crash at a rack of test tubes, and laughed. "I'm not mad, or anywhere near it," explained. But I've done with original research in chemistry and chemical physics forever and ever. Amen. At the present moment I'm trying to levy my fee, and it is not an easy job. There's a strong probability the I shan't earn more than a coffin

ability the I shan't earn more than a coffin and a coroner's inquest. By the way, where have you been these last eight months?

"Collecting birds and aye-ayes in Madagascar, but never mind that. Try and tell me sanely and concisely what you've been at recently. It isn't the marrying tack I suppose?

"Not much. Look, it's this." He took something from his coat pocket, pulled out my watch, and scratched on the glass the word Feci in large, straggling angular letters.

"The deuce you did!" I said. "Let me look Shade of Solomon! This can't be a diamend?"

a diamond?"

"You can't prove it to be anything else."

"An expert could, perhaps."

"An expert couldn't. For one reason; it happens to be a diamond—a gem like those of the mine and the shop, McHimnie, neither more nor less. That's a rhombic dodecahedron, morphologically and chemically the same as a diamond from Kimberiey or Brazil. Not counting experimental labor, the actual manufacture of that crystal cost me £9. On the market, as you see it now, the stone is worth fully £1,900."

ct. see it now, the stone is worth fully ct. see "
And this is what you've been pegging at all these years?"
"It's what I have had in my mind all my life. It's what I've worked for ever since I could read or reason. It's been my one idea for making a fortune, just as other men try for their millions in coal or cotton. I'm there now, assets ready to realize; but I tell you, old man, the apprenticeship has been too bad to even remember in detail. The original outfit before even I touched work was enormous—chemistry, mineralogy and the whole of physics, crystallography, geology, mechanics, all to the utmost verge that any man had ever worked before. They took up years of feroccious labor, and almost all my capital. The balance of money went in buying

diamonds to experiment upon. Then I had to work for more funds, and got this job of analyst here in Burton. It's been an awful time. You know, I'm a luxurious-minded chap, fond of purple and soft living, and yet I've not spent £50 a twelvemonth on my body through all these years. Except the odd moments when I had my swim in that tank, I've been biting against the fates from waking hour to sleeping time.

"The big mistake I worked under for a long time was in thinking with other chemists that diamonds were nothing but pure carbon. I did crystallize that, though I didn't say anything about it. Another man—Mr. Hannay, of Glasgow—also did the same thing, and published his results in 1880. He exposed a mixture of paraffin spirit and bone oil distillate with lithium in a strong fron tube to the prolonged heat of a reverbertory furnace. He got specimens of diamantoid carbon, but they were small in size, and when placed on the polishing wheel immediately crumbled. I was about as lucky, except that, in addition, I had a bad blow-up, which cost me half a femoral muscle, and will make me limp to my dying day. Afterward I found that there was something else in natural diamonds beside pure carbon; and working with that something else, and a mechanical contrivance with electrical adjuncts—"

"O, look here," I cut in, 'that'll do. You make me tired."

"Greek, still Greek to you?"

"Emphatically; so come to results. You say you know how to make diamonds of large size for half-nothing a carat—diamonds which will stand cutting and which are in all respects equal to the dug-up animal?"

Macdonald nodded, and rubbed his hands softly.

"And now you're going to put them on the prochest. Well don't flood it.

softly.

"And now you're going to put them on the market? Well, don't flood it, and you've got the softest thing any one man ever owned since Noah had the monopoly for live stock."

"It's highly improbable that I make or sell a single crystal."

I turned and stared at him. Was the man cravy?

man crazy?

"There's a much better dodge than esting up a diamond factory.

He paused again and laughed.
"Speak, you scoundre!" I shouted.
"Don't keep me in the thumbscrews here.
What's better?"

What's better?"

"Why, not doing it, and being paid for that same. Don't you know that all the diamond people have clubbed together into the biggest ring, or trust, or corner, or whatever you choose to call it, of any commercial fraternity in all the world! This ring either owns, or has a governing interest in, all the big mines in Africa, Brazil and India, and even the lesser ones in Virginia and Borneo and those places, and it regulates the output and brings the price to what it exactly likes. Do you and it regulates the output and brings the price to what it exactly likes. Do you think that ring would submit to having another mine opened—my mine—without trying very hard to have two fingers and a thumb in it?

"Not much. And so you offered to trade

"I wrote to two Hatton Garden fellows
I knew They were merchants I used to
buy my diamonds from to experimentalize
with and invited them to come down here
with an expert friend. They came and
brought a man with them who on paper. with an expert friend. They came and brought a man with them who—on paper, at any rate—is one of the first chemists of the day. I treated them to a short scientific lecture, stated some facts and showed them some specimens. Then before them I loaded up a small gun-metal cylinder with various things, screwed on the top and scaled it.

"Now, Mr Levenstein, said I to one of them, you put that in your pocket and take it away with you. If you leave it as it is the thing's safe as a paving stone. If you try to unscrew it before a week's out you'll have an explosion which an Anarchist might be proud of, and whatever else happens to the Diamond Hing its subsequent proceedings won't interest you any more.

pens to the Diamond Ring its subsequent proceedings won't interest you any more. But if at the end of the week you take out the stopper, which you can do then as safely as I put it in, you'll find a colorless liquid and rather a good diamond. I'll make you a present of the lot to do what you like with.

with.

"They went away then, and I heard at the end of the week they'd found the diamond all right—a gem, I guess, worth about £150—and that they sent it to Amsterdam to get it out into a brilliant.

"Well, that specimen gem took its facets all right, and then I didn't hear anything more from the Diamond Ring directly for some time. They communicated indirectly. First a pyramid of beer barrels took the opportunity of collapsing as I was crossing opportunity of collapsing as I was crossing the brewery yard. I escaped by the skin of my teeth and thought it was an accident. Then there was a gas explosion in my labora-tory, and the place was wrecked body and walls. By the greatest miracle on earth I'd just gone outside, and the only victim was a strange man, who was blown to rags. That made me suspicious, and when walk-ing across the fields here to-night a man came for me with a knife. I'd this revolver ready in my pocket and shoved him off with

ready in my pocket and shoved min of that."

The answered my kick on the door panel with a sharp "Qui vive?" recognized my toice, and let me in.

I drew, to my surprise, an easy breath, and commented with point upon the unswonted clearness of the atmosphere. He asked if I had a pistol.

"No." I said: "never carry one. Always too much afraid of sheeting myself. And too much afraid of sheeting myself. And the deuce do you want a pistol for, the deuce do you want a pistol for.

"I do, most distinctly; and I'll go if you'll come with me."

Luck on the hotel.

oome with me."

No, I wont, thanks. Luck on the hotel, for one thing. And besides, I'm going to see it out here. I'm not going to let those secoundrels think they've scared me. Of course, they deny all knowledge of these outrages, and it would be impossible to father them on Hatton Garden Indeed, Levenstein has at this moment a libel suit pending against me for an open letter I wrote to him on the subject. But there's not the smallest doubt that that's what they're after."

But, my good fool, they've occare of

that that's what they're after.

But, my good fool, they've oceans of money, and if they go on long enough, they're bound to bag you at last.

My dear McHinnie, they won't go on. They'll get my ultimatum to-morrow morning. That points out that the working details of my invention are written upon paper, and bestowed in safe-keeping eisewhere. In the event of my death, that pithy MS will be forwarded to Printing House Square, and form a column of very House Square, and form a column of very interesting reading in the Times newspaper next morning. To every one above the grade of costermonger, that disclosure would be the sensation of the century."

would be the sensation of the century."

Quite so. What figure do you charge for leaving things as they were?

A pension of £200,000 a year so long as I keep the recipe to myself. To-morrow morning they'll know of this, and the conditions; and they'll be bound to accept. To-night they don't know, and so assassination still strikes them as sound business. But, as I say, to-morrow there'll be a meeting of the available chiefs of the ring, and they'll snap up my terms. I'm dirt cheap at the price; they'll have to screw that £200,000 per annum out of the diamond-buying public for a good many years to come yet. You see, they wouldn't cut short the pension by slaying me, because, ipso facto, they would snash their own trade by doing it. As a very necessary life facto, they would snash their own trade by doing it. As a very necessary life insurance, I naturally stick to the publication clause in the newspaper on the day of my death. So, I fancy McHinnie I've got that Diamond Ring as nicely on tensi as ever yet blackmaile.

A crash and a blinding expission cut short Macdonald's sentence. The furthey wall of the place swept bodily toward us in a whirlwind of smoke and flames; and as the blast smote me on the head, life appeared to tear itself away with a jolt and a jerk.

appeared to tear itself away with a joit and a jerk.

It was by a very marvel of marvels that in that moment we were not transmuted to the clay whereof our corporeal bodies were formed. Nothing but the tank had saved us. But the advancing breath of the explosion had driven us over the brink, and the water had acted as a cushion against the shock. So violent had been the power of the bomb thrown against it that of the building nothing remained but a scattered mound of dusty rubble.

By its agents the Diamond Ring had lifted its hand against Conrad Macdonald with lust to Nay, and by its agents the same coterie drew his unconscious form (and mine also) out of the chilly haven of that water tank. By a curious irony Mr. Levenstein was the first person to bring us assistance. He had just arrived in Burton by special train to say that the demand for the £200,000 amunity was agreed to. I have never seen an Israelite so effusively genial and civil as Mr. Levenstein made

himself whilst he attended to our phyneceds after that explosion.

The process of blossoming out in man of means was one I did not set the French were going up to Timbuljust then, and I wanted to go with it to see whether the place to the to see whether the place really or whether it was only a magnit As it turned out, the neighborhood intensely interesting. so I stayed longish time; and when I got had land again, Macdonald had quit down to the new order of things.

That tank, the only creature

he has come into enormous wealth the flank of his more stable residence has built him a hugh house of glass filled it with palms and bananas and mettos and other tropical foliage p and ferns. There is no method or in their placing, nor method or in their placing, nor are there walks about the place. Some of is soft short grass, the rest water. in deep narrow channels in the islets of foliage. The stays in the 80's.

Here Conrad Macdonald, in the

that nature gave him, basks and and dives for six hours of the day and dives for six hours of the day, and meditates over an airship built on natural principles. He studies the flights of birds and butterflies and insects, which skim and flutter in the warm air around hen, but till now he has made no practical effort to put his observations into shape. Yet I think he will make that airship.

If you don't know Macdonald, and do not believe this tale, go round to Hatton Garden, and ask any diamond merchant there, Jew or Gentile, how much he pays toward Conrad Macdonald's pension. He may wax eloquent, but the odds are he refrains from giving a civil reply

A PAINFUL TALE OF CRABS Explanation by a Broker of a Refusal of an Invitation to Drink

This broker is not above telling a good story on himself. When he decline invitation shortly after 3 o'clock one after noon last week to join half a dozen friends for a cocktail or two their surprise was followed by suspicion.

"No." said Mr. Broker "Never seals or rather not until Sept. 15." "Something must have jolted you hard "Something must have jolted you to knock you into the ice wagon at this of the year," said Mr. Rockaway.
"In view of the fact that I promy wife not to take even a little suntil after Sept 15," said Mr. Broker, "penalty of her telling the story on don't see that I can give you any expition."

"Never heard anything like this," said Mr. Hempstead. You never drink be excess and the idea of you swearing of for a limited time is absurd." "It is really a very good story," said Me Broker hesitatingly."

"Fred promised to mix a new drink for this afternoon," said Rockaway sugus this a "The only reason that I have been to peratee," said Mr. Broker "was the leared my wife would tell this story at

feared my wife would tell this story about me and make me ridiculous. It has hung over me like a bad dream. Now if I fell you the story it will kill the penalty and I may take a drink." "That sounds fair," said Rockaway. "Well then, it was this way," said Mr. Broker. "The summer colony on Long Island where we have the misfortune to be located this year contains an unusual number of cranks. They object to a fellow's going into a saloon. I seldom go low's going into a saloon. I seldom into a saloon anyway, and knowing strength of public feeling down then never went near a saloon until a we

"I had to go downtown in the evening and as I passed the only gilded saloon the place it occurred to me suddenly that wanted a drink. I wanted it very muc-

wanted a drink. I wanted it very much. I looked behind me. There was no one in sight. The coast was clear ahead and I dodged in, feeling like a culprit. After the first drink I thought I ought to take another to pay for the risk I ran in coming in. The second made me bold and I was about to walk out when I caught sight of the parson coming down the street. I dodged back again and to allay the bartender's suspicions I ordered a third drink.

The parson had stopped to talk to one of his wardens almost in front of the saloon. I loafed around a few minutes and took another drink. There is no use in going into details, but it seemed to me that there was a procession of people passing that saloon until midnight. I was caught there and I made the best of it. A middle-aged man of family could not afford being

seen coming out of such a place and I stayed.

"By 10 o'clock I was calling the bartender Billy and at 11 I told him the story of my life. We both wept over it in spots At 11:30 I had run \$100 margin of his up to \$10,000 by my system of playing the markets. You can imagine how much I crocked the elbow to get to that state. At midnight we sang college songs and Good-by, My Lover, Good-by.

"It was somewhat after 1 o'clock when Billy and I walked to my house. We did not meet a neighbor and I congratulated both of us many times. It took me some time to go upstairs because I did not want to arouse Mrs. Broker and the servants curiosity. Mrs. Broker was awake when I entered the bedroom and carelessly dropped my shoes on the floor. I explained why I had been forced to stay with Billy until after 1 o'clock. after 1 o'clock.

after loctock.

"Very considerate of you, I am sure, said my wife, just like that.

"I knew you would appreciate it,"

said I.

"Then I sat down and wondered why I felt so uncomfortable. At the end of ten minutes it occurred to me that I needed some ice water.

"There is no ice water upstairs," said my wife, but you know where to find the refrigerator. Go down and get some ice.

"Our bedroom is on the third cost so that we may have the ocean proces. I that we may have the ocean or spent a long time on that trip do seemed to me that I fell over ever in the house before I reached the gi floor My mood became sombi-thought of ghost stories and burgla was not a bit gay. At last I felt my to the ice box, opened the lid and

my hand in to grope for the ice pick
"Something cold grabbed my
let loose a shriek and put my other.
This also was seized. The
tightened and I think I must have
mild attack of hysterics. I yell
cried and laughed. I was in a When some one lighted the gas surrounding me my wife, the c and two of the maids. Flinks or twice to clear my sight I loc-ously into the ice chest where were imprisoned. Then I lifted

out and there dangling to each one miserable half-frozen crab.

"Probably it was funny, but the of laughter that greeted no hur it was all right for my wife to hungh but not approve of the servant's laughter. It was some servant's fault around carelessly. My nervous systemetric street a shock from which it did a cover quickly.

ceived a shock from which it did it cover quickly.

"The next morning I felt so she that I did not go down to breakfast wife laughed very much at short lart I did not like it. I knew that if she the story I would never hear the last I told her that if the story did not g I would not drink again until beywhen we were back to town. The is out now, however, and I'll ake a very sour to begin with and then and

tea-drinking countries of Europe, a partiality of the Russians for issues by the fact that while the conse-of coffee in that empire is less that four years ago the consumption of the fac-tripled during that period. Germany and France are the chief coffee-drinking crus-tries of Europe, and in the United States, in which, usually, tea has been a more popular lar beverage in the country and coffee in the urban districts, the increasing pepularity of the latter has been affecting as versely the importation of tea into the United States.

Tea drinking in the United States is certainly not on the increase and coffee drinking certainly is.